Elkhorn District Advocate

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MARRIED LIFE HAPPY.

A PLEASANT SKETCH ON DOUBLE BLESSEDNESS BY MR. BESANT.

Very Few Blanks in the Lottery of Marriage—Prizes are the Rule—The Risk is Not Very Great—Experience of a Bridegroom Given at His Silver Wedding.

Walter Besant writes: "I was bidden of late to the feast of a silver wedding. The bridegroom, now past fifty, is a man who has made his mark in the literature of the day. He is still in the fulness of his intellectual strength and will, his friends hope, deepen that mark. The bride is presumably (if one may speak of a bride's age) already past forty; she is a matron now whom her friends remember as a lovely girl; her eldest child is a gallant, six feet high. It was exactly such a silver wedding as one could wish for oneself. Success and honor—a fair measure of success, the honor that belongs to good work—have followed the bridegroom; goodly children and love have been the lot of the bride. They have had their sorrows, but there have been more joys than sorrows. Perhaps they are in the middle of a long stretch of successful work—a man ought to be able to go on working until seventy at least; perhaps there is not much more to be got from the future. But they have got the past; nothing can take that away from them. I could never agree with the opinion of Dante, that the greatest misery in evil times is to think of the happy past. A silver wedding is a halt in the middle or towards the close of life. 'Thus far,' say the wedded pair, 'thus far have we voyaged over summer seas; ruffles and light storms have we had, but no shipwreck. Our marriage has not been a failure; had we to do it all over again, we would choose the same lot and the same companion. And so we shall remain together in content as long as may be.' Amen. And when the golden wedding comes may I be there to see!

"Think of all the commonplaces about marriage being a lottery (and a toss-up and a chance, and then, if you please, cast your eyes around and consider the average results of this so-called lottery. Now, the very essence of a lottery is that there are few prizes and many blanks. But the result of the marriage lottery, so far as I can learn from a pretty extensive series of observations personally conducted from the time—now 30 years ago—when my friends began to marry, is that there are a great many prizes and very few blanks. In other words, the great majority of married people are content with each other and with life—they are happy. Yet it is true in a sense that marriage is a lottery, because most of us get engaged without very careful investigation into the temper and habits of the person beloved, and, in spite of this risk, people are happy.

"The risk, you see, is not very great. Most men and most girls are brought up in a way that enforces the useful virtues. They are taught to govern themselves, to avoid bad temper, sulks and suspicion, jealousy, evil thinking—all the things that in the old times made marriage a very uncertain affair. We are not half so ungoverned in our temper as we were, not half so violent, not half so jealous; and so, though we do not 'choose' a wife, though there is no choice in the matter, though we fall in love with a girl about whose temper and inclinations we do not inquire, we do really know all about her beforehand; we know her brothers, and she knows all about the man who presents himself; we belong to the same set, we know how she has been brought up, and we rely with tolerable certainty on the influences of her education."

Flings at the Fair Sex.

It is very hard to convince a pretty girl that it is necessary for her to know anything.

A woman never knows what she wants until she finds out what other women have.

When a woman says she doesn't love you but she likes you it means she'll jump into the river if you don't marry her.

A woman clerk can match a sample which has to be seen through a microscope, but a horrid man clerk wants a piece a yard long.

The redingote is coming into fashion again. As it is long enough to keep a woman warm without coal, its name might be changed to reading coat.

The poetry of love fills volumes, and the poetry of married life would fill a book or two if it were not for cookstoves, dishwashing and grocery bills.

How can materialists account for the fact the spider has eight eyes? The spider came into existence before woman, but its creator knew that woman was coming.

It takes thirty-four pounds of raw sugar to make twenty-one pounds of refined, and yet pessimists worry because modern women are [illegible] the females of ancient times.

Should a woman know her husband's income? is a question which a lot of dissipationists are wasting time over. It does not matter a particle whether she should or shouldn't—she will.

A woman's tombstone is the only one in England upon which the epitaph is written in shorthand. If a woman wrote the epitaph it probably had to be put in shorthand to get it all on the tombstone.

Although a judicial authority has decided that every married woman is entitled to a home and that apartments in hotels and boarding-houses do not constitute a home, no married man need worry. Very few women nowadays will keep house if they have husbands able to pay their board.—New York Herald.

Do You Think So?

Do you think you could love the young man who sneers at his mother and sister?

Do you think you could love the young man who does not take the trouble to look his neatest when he comes to see you?

Do you think you could love the young man who forgets to remove his hat when he is talking to you in the hallway or on the verandah?

Do you think you could love the young man who is never thoughtful of your comfort, but only of his own?

Do you think you could love the young man who, while professing love to you, speaks about you in a careless way?

I do not think you could. And between you and me I most sincerely hope not only that you cannot love him, but that you will not.

PALESTINE FOR THE JEWS.

A Boom in Jerusalem Real Estate—Hebrew Influx.

The irresistible power of progression is strikingly illustrated in the quickening of important enterprises and rapid advance of values in sleepy old Palestine. A number of important business ventures have been gone into by organized companies composed of active, pushing members and backed by ample capital. Farm lands are changing hands at good prices and a stranger dropping into the real estate market of Jerusalem might readily imagine himself in some ambitious western city of the United States.

The new railroad from the coast to the sacred city has done much to bring about this wonderful transformation, but there is another potent agency at work, which will appear to many as the mysterious working of destiny or the fulfilment of an ancient prophecy. It is the new movement for the Jewish colonization of Palestine, which has the approval of trusted advisers and a large proportion of Hebrew publications throughout the world. In this endeavour to secure the holy land to those who once inhabited and controlled it, all essential preliminaries have been provided for. There are Jewish capitalists who stand ready with the means for carrying out the project, and among no people are there abler financiers or men better able to master the details of great undertakings. Several millions of Russian Jews are anxious to return to the country of their forefathers. The Turkish Government has declared its approval of the scheme and seems to grasp the advantages which would be secured to it by a thrifty, prosperous colony in Palestine. Next year the railroad between Acre and Damascus will be completed, and closely upon this, it is expected will follow an important Jewish movement from Russia, Poland, Turkey in Europe and the Balkan States, towards Palestine.

There is a fascinating interest in following the rapid evolutions through which a land so rich in historic lore, the birthplace of the Saviour, the scene of His life among men, is emerging from centuries of inactivity into a new being and a new activity which must soon place it abreast of nations that have been in the march of progress from the beginning.

A Convenient Shopping Bag.

A very convenient bag for shopping is made as follows: Materials, one yard black surah silk, one yard black satine, burlap twenty-one inches long and seventeen inches wide. One and one-half yards of black silk cord, rather large. Two leather handles. Two yards silk braid. Half skein black Germantown yarn.

The burlap is worked in cross-stitch either with a fine all-over pattern or a running vein in stripes. Fold the silk and satine together in bag form, with satine on the outside, and stitch up the sides, then make a casing at the top in the hem for the draw-strings, cut the braid in two pieces and run in.

Turn the bag and adjust the burlap on the center, catch the cord on to cover the edge. Sew the handles firmly to the top of burlap. At the bottom the silk should be plaited in so that the bag will be no wider than the burlap.

In carrying this bag the silk may be tucked in at the top, giving the appearance of a much smaller bag.—The Household.

A Seasonable Hint.

The period of changing from autumn to winter as well as the reverse, calls for a toning up of the system of the domestic animal, and this process can be effected only by a liberal use of sound grain. The quantity of grain used must be governed by the environments of the animal. Those that are not worked and have the shelter of sheds or a friendly grove will not require so much as those exposed day and night to the storms, the heat of the sun and the other extreme of a chilly atmosphere at night. As the cold weather advances corn proves the best warming food for stock exposed continually.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Maori Humor.

A Maori whose requests for blankets had at last elicited a decided refusal from the missionary, exclaimed: "Kapai (good); no more blankets, no more hallelujahs," and thereupon returned to the faith of his fathers. No less humorous, though in another way, was the plea of a Maori in litigation for a piece of land. Being called on to tell the court on what proof he relied for his title, he pointed to the rival claimant and said simply: "I ate his father."

To Preserve the Complexion.

Add a pinch of carbonate of soda and two teaspoonfuls of glycerine to a wineglassful of the best orange-flower water. Melt a piece of camphor the size of a pea in three teaspoonfuls of eau de cologne, add to the orange-flower water, shake thoroughly for a few minutes, and apply to the face with a soft linen cloth.

Care of the Eyes.

Never read in bed or when lying upon the sofa. Sit with your back to the light as much as possible. Attend to your digestion. Do not work longer than two hours without closing your eyes and resting them for five minutes. If your eyes are weak, bathe them in water to which a little salt and a little brandy have been added.

Afraid to Inhale It.

Doctor—Why, are you going to leave simply because you have to talk through the telephone?

Bridget—Av coorse Oi am. Oi don't want t' be inhalin' th' breath av thim different people all th' toime, begob!

Turning the Scale.

Mrs. Shortley—I don't think the grocer will ever cheat us again after being arrested for giving short measure.

Mrs. Markette—No. He will probably renounce the evil of his weighs.

A Spendthrift.

Mrs. Reading Deale—I think I shall have my new ball dress trimmed in coal.

Mr. Deale—Great heavens! Do you want to bankrupt me?

Two Accidents Near Almonte.

ALMONTE, Dec. 12.—At a shanty on the Bonnechere last Friday, while some men were piling logs near the shore of a creek they suddenly slid, crushing a shantyman named Louis Lamoreux. Deceased, who was a native of Quebec, was buried in the woods.

A shantyman named Cameron sustained serious injuries at Highland creek, on the Madawaska. He was chopping down a tree which was lying across a rock about thirty feet high, when he lost his balance and fell to the ground. His head, back and chest were severely cut and bruised, and little hope of his recovery is entertained.

Attend to These Things Now.

Secure a few boards, a hammer, saw and nails, and go to work with a will, says a writer in Indiana Farmer, and it will surprise you if you have never tried it, to find how much happier you will feel to know that your cattle and horses are comfortable during the cold, stormy weather. Do not stop with repairs. There are few who cannot improve on the conveniences around one's premises. Have you a sloppy, muddy walk to your barn and out-houses? Have you an uncomfortable place in which to milk? Are your tools and implements unhoused? Are all the walks leading to the house such as will make no extra work for the wife? Have you scrapers and mats at each door, enabling those who enter to leave dirt outside? It is unnecessary to ask more questions.

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CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Our holiday number, which we have much pleasure in presenting to our subscribers will be read by some thousands in Canada, the States and the Old Country, and we have tried to make it as entertaining as possible. Those of you who are not as yet subscribers, we earnestly ask to help us make our paper a greater success than it has already become. Send in your names NOW, so that you may receive the paper from the new year. One dollar you can spare, and one dollar will buy you a good sheet for a year. The ADVOCATE has great pleasure in wishing all its subscribers and friends

Now that the merry days of Xmas are drawing near, entertainments for the benefit of the whole man are on the tapis. Entertainments in which children play the leading parts, and are thus given an opportunity of instructing and amusing instead of being instructed and amused.

What a grand and glorious time is Christmas! Its tender and hallowed associations of the fact. The family reunions round the old fireside so longingly looked and waited for. The trembling, hoping, fearing, expectant father and mother, scarcely able to content themselves till the days draw near, and their loved ones gather around them once more. Oh! What joy, even if chastened with a thoughtful sadness as the tear bedimmed eyes rest on the vacant chair, and the memory trails back over the past, and fond recollections of some loved one gone forever, pass in review before the mind, recollection which, too often no doubt, brings a pang, as they think of the many deeds of kindness they left undone for those beyond recall.

Christmas is a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time, the only time we know of in the long calender of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut up heart freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-travellors to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys, and though it may not put a scrap of gold or silver in our pocket, we believe that it has done us good and will do us good, and we say, 'God bless it.'

May God put it into the hearts of those who have abundance, to remember the little ones of their neighbor, who has not been blessed with this world's goods, and make their Christmas a day brighter and better than any other, so that, when the Christmas bells peal out, and Christians sing "Peace on earth, and good will to men," the little waifs may raise their hearts to God and realize that there is a Christ, that He does reign in the hearts of men, and that the religion of the Lord Jesus means something besides church going, long faces, and longer prayers. May the time speedily come when men will look upon their gains as being held in trust for Him, Who is Father of all, and Who one day will call them to give an account of their stewardship.

Probably our readers will agree with us that long editorials and leading articles at this season are somewhat out of place. We are all going to lay ourselves out to have a good time, and take as much pleasure as we can out of our holiday; we shall probably do a certain amount of reading, but we question very much whether we shall trouble ourselves about much heavy or instructive literature. Certain it is that Christmas time has many lessons for us all, but he who runs may read, and every action in our daily life can be made more or less instructive to us. Monday will be kept by most as a general holiday, and although there may be rather a dearth of public entertainments this year, yet the Christmas festivities will be kept up during the Christmas week by many private families, and there is no better way of celebrating the event of the season than by enjoying it around the home hearth.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Many, who read this, will be greeted on New Year's day by the pleasant wish for happiness, that it may continue with them during the whole of the coming year. The holiday season is the one in which everyone seeks more particularly after some kind of happiness. All Christendom at Christmas strive after satisfaction which they will call pleasure. But the festive days pass, and in disappointment we wonder why we did not gain that, which we supposed we had honestly striven for.

There is a picture in the gallery in Paris which represents men in the pursuit of pleasure. Pleasure is represented as a gay creature, muslin clad, flitting along in the air, just over the heads of a crowd of very eager pursuers. Whenever any one reaches out his hand to grasp her trailing garments, she eludes him and passes on before, but if any gave up the chase in order to engage in the duties of life she was ever present beside them. This represents in a life only too well in many individual cases. The difficulty seems to be that on all such occasions we make pleasure our chief object of desire, giving up all healthy pursuits as at best simply something to be worked at for so many hours a day and nothing more. A goodly number think their lot low, because they are not so fortunate in securing as many holidays as some others. They forget that the rich old miser, or the gentleman of leisure is often the very unhappiest man in the community. Our happiness during this year will not consist in the number of idle days we spend, nor in the amount of grumbling we may seek to unburden to others. The new year is the time for resolutions. Every body at some time of their lives finds an irresistible desire to form good rules. And we are saints, in imagination, at any rate for a short time. As a rule, good resolutions are fruitless things. But if we really wish to enjoy life more during this coming year, we had better resolve to seek happiness by living our lives for some purpose. No one finds satisfaction who seeks it in itself. An old maxim is preserved to this effect, that if we would be happy we must seek to make others happy. That is a safe rule if applied generally. Many of the great men did not enjoy a pleasant life. Lincoln was not blessed with much pleasure. Carlyle's life was embittered by ills. Even the greatest of human teachers, Christ, never enjoyed what we call happiness. Yet they all found a satisfaction in life. They rose above the disturbances that molested them, and learned that "to live again in lives made better by our presence" was the best kind of pleasure.

There are abundant opportunities for our rising to some higher kind of work. Many could take more part in the political affairs of the day, and so be useful in the community. Nothing is to be gained by continual grubbing around some old muskeg to produce an extra crop of wheat in the coming year. An average day's work will earn our daily bread. Evenings could be improved by reading circles—where profitable discussions would be quite in order, all of which fit every sensible person for a happier life. If any were inclined to special charity or good works, there are societies through which such labors can be rightly directed, and in which way you may bring good cheer to some person who is "in the blues." While others with comfortable homes can always do much to entertain any who may be far from home and friends.

We will not pursue this any further. This is the tune of the glad New Year:

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow;
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false ring in the true.
Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life
With sweeter manners, purer laws."

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Linens, Cottons, Sheetings, &c. White and Unbleached Sheetings, Pillows, Cottons, Tickings

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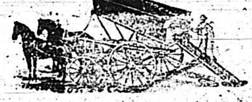

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Sarnia	Dec. 31
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Lake Ontario	Dec. 23
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Orders promptly attended to; satisfaction guaranteed.

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CHRISTMAS SERVICES.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
REV. R. C. STEVENSON, RECTOR.

Kola,	11 A. M.
Elkhorn,	4 P. M.

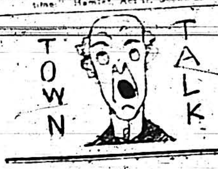
PRESBYTERIAN.
REV. J. W. PENMAN, MINISTER.

Elkhorn	11 A. M.
Woodville	3 P. M.
Elkhorn	7. 30 P. M.

METHODIST.
REV. T. M. TALBOT, MINISTER.

Ross School	11 A. M.
Smith's	3 P. M.
Elkhorn	7. 30 P. M.

"They are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time." Hamlet, Act II, Scene 2.



A Merry Christmas.

R. M. Coombs & Co. for Xmas cards.

"Doc." Shelton has returned to Elkhorn.

The train from the west was ten hours late on Wednesday.

Mrs. Broadley left on Tuesday morning's train for a visit to the east.

Mr. Cavanagh returned from his trip to the east on Thursday evening.

Next week being Christmas tide, no paper will be issued from this office.

Mr. J. B. Foster of Brandon, paid a flying visit here on Monday morning.

Mr. J. F. Watkins of the Virden Chronicle spent Sunday with friends in town.

Go to the Big Store of R. M. Coombs & Co. for your Xmas and New Year's gifts.

Holy Communion will be celebrated in the Presbyterian church on New Year's day.

Mr. Wm. Hacking has been appointed caretaker of the new curling and skating rink.

A. H. Yancey, travelling passenger agent of the Burlington road, spent Friday in town.

All sorts of Holiday Goods at reasonable prices and in great variety at Coombs & Co's big general store.

Mr. C. E. Lang, travelling passenger agent for the Northern Pacific Railway, was in town on Friday.

The lowest the Thermometor has registered this year was 33° below zero on Thursday morning the 22nd.

The Pacific express which was due here on Thursday, was 20 hours late owing to rough weather, snow, etc., in the west.

The skating rink is now open. Price of admission, 10c. during the day, and 15c. after six p.m. No children after six.

Mr. Gale, Principal of the firm of Gale & Son, sole agents for the Patent Spring Mattress, paid a commercial visit here on Wednesday.

We are glad to hear again the strains of the Orchestra Society. With a little perseverance and much practice they may become a credit to the town.

A friend writes to congratulate us on the appearance of our last issue, as it is the first time the ADVOCATE has appeared without any mention of those tiresome pigs.

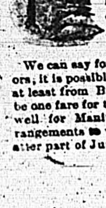
Rev. T. M. Talbot went east on Saturday, to hold Missionary services for the Griswold Methodists, and Mr. J. Gilbert of Fleming, conducted the Sunday services in his place on Sunday.

The skating rink was opened for the first time on Thursday evening, when a number of young people spent a merry hour or two on the ice, which was in excellent condition.

Dolls and toys of every sort and description to make your children happy during the Christmas season. Lots of useful, as well as ornamental presents, for your grown up friends at R. M. Coombs & Co.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Taggart, who has been living with his son, Mr. W. J. Taggart, for some time. The deceased was eighty-five years of age, and was one of the veterans of 1837. Mr. and Mrs. Taggart have our sympathy.

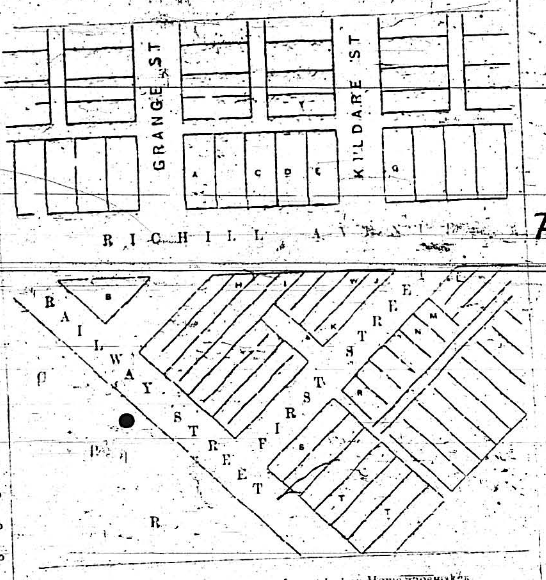
On Christmas day there will be service in St. Mark's Church at 4 p.m., as usual. The canticles for the morning service will be used in place of those for evening. In the Presbyterian church service will be conducted at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. On New-Year's day communion will be celebrated at 11 a.m. The Methodist services will be held as usual.



We understand that a couple of Bons are being spoken of during Christmas and New Year holidays. One to take place in the Hall and one at the Restaurant. As there has been rather a dearth of amusements in this line during the present winter, both should be well patronized.

We can say for the benefit of 'Fair' visitors, it is possible that the rates from here, at least from Brandon or Winnipeg, will be one fare for the round trip. It will be well for Manitobans to make their arrangements to visit the World's Fair, the latter part of June or the first part of July

ELKHORN.



A, Grand Central Hotel.
B. Elkhorn Restaurant.
C. Rogers & Douglas' General Store.
D. (a) W. M. Cushing, General Insurance and Loan Agent. Agent for the N. P. R'y.
(b) W. J. Dixon, Barber & Billiards.
E. Post Office Store.
F. Arkell's Feed & Livery Stables.
G. Cavanagh Hotel.
H. J. H. Angus, Butcher.
I. R. M. Coombs & Co., General Store.
J. M. E. VanNostrand, Groceries, Coal,
K. J. M. Gilroy, Harness Maker.
L. (a) Indian Home Shoemaker.
(b) " " Taylor.
M. English Church.
N. " " Parsonage.
R. Cavanagh's Meat Market.
S. Broadley's Block.
(a) Jos Broadley, Hardware, &c.
(b) Advocate Printing and Publishing Office.
(c) R. deW. Waller, General Insurance and Loan Agent.
T. Indian Homes.
W. Massy-Harris Co., Implements.
Y. Dr. Rolsten's Office.

on account of the intense heat during the two following months. The Northern Pacific have the advantage of giving you the choice of six different routes, St. Paul to Chicago, with the privilege of a stop-over at St. Paul. For maps or other information, call upon W. M. Cushing, agent N. P. R., Elkhorn.

An appeal is being made for the Indians on the Birtle Reserve. They have been having hard times lately, owing to several reasons. In the first place the small-pox scare kept them on the Reserves just at the season of the year when they usually

do their trading, and then the crops are very light and there are the low prices. The Rev. J. B. McArthur will be pleased to receive any help towards providing things for their usual Xmas tree, which will be held in Christmas week.

A meeting of the Farmers' Institute, No. 2, Dennis, was held in the Foresters' hall, on the afternoon of Friday, Dec. 16, when an able an interesting paper upon the colt was read by Dr. Torrance, V. S., Brandon. The speaker was attentively listened to by an appreciative audience, some of whom afterwards questioned the doctor upon several matters appertaining to the horse. A vote of thanks was given to Dr. Torrance for his useful hints, and in returning thanks he complimented his hearers upon the interest manifested by those present in the affairs of the society, and compared this meeting with others at which he had been present, and at which only some of the townspeople and a few of the farming class had been present. A number gave in their names as members, and it was agreed that the next meeting should be held on the afternoon of the first Saturday in the new year, and every other week thereafter. Papers will be read on Jan. 7th, by Mr. John McTurk, subject, cattle feeding; Mr. Carr Ellison, on sheep raising, and if time another one by the Rev. R. G. Stevenson.

The new hotel, the Grand Central, has been completed and is now open for business. This is a very neat building, standing on the corner of Richill Avenue and Grange street, on the lot joining the one on which the hotel which was burned in the fire stood. It is a frame house, and the builder, Mr. John Simington, who has personally overseen the whole of the work is to be congratulated upon the completion of his contract. The main entrance faces Richill Avenue, and leads into a hall way. On the left hand side is a sitting room, well heated and comfortable, and lighted with large windows facing the main street. Behind this—or on the north side, is the dining room, kitchen, etc., and judging from the cheerful aspect and the well heated and ventilated condition of the rooms, with the neatly coverd tables, one may expect that the hostess will place every comfort in this department before the guests. As yet Mr. Jones has not fitted up the bar-room, as his application for a license was refused. A very nice room has, however, been reserved for this purpose at the east side of the front door, and having a second door on to the street in the South-east corner. The second floor is heated with hot air registers, and here are about eleven very neat and clean rooms. It is the intention of the proprietor to open up the third floor later on in the season.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

MR. MOWAT, OF COOMBS & COMPANY'S STORE, IS HELD UP AT THE POINT OF A GUN, AND MADE TO DELIVER OVER $700.

On Friday last about 6.20 o'clock, as Mr. Mowat was returning from his house to Coombs & Co's store, he was confronted by two men who told him to "hold up." Mr. Mowat, who thought the men were trying to carry out a joke, told them to stop fooling, whereupon one of them pointed a gun at his head and told him again to hold his hands up. They then made him hand out a roll of bills amounting to $700, which Mr. Mowat was taking from his house to the store. All this happened near his house between the Presbyterian church and the Indian Homes. Having obtained the boodle the robbers marched Mr. Mowat down as far as Railway street and then left him. The matter was at once made known to the Constable and Magistrate, and the next day Detective Foster arrived from Brandon. But as yet no clue has been obtained as to where the thieves or the money are. The stolen money was the property of the Ogilvie Milling Company, for whom Mr. Mowat was acting as payer.

ELKHORN MARKETS.

Wheat No. 1 hard, 45c.; No. 2, 43c. Oats, 17c. Butter 18 to 20c. Eggs 20c. Chickens 8c. Turkeys 10 to 12c. Potatoes 35c. Onions $1.25 per bush. Lard 12 1-2c. Beef 4 to 4 1-2c. Pork 5 to 6c. Mutton 9 to 10c. Sausages 12c. Hides 1 1-2. Bacon 10c.

BIRTHS.

ADARE—At Prospect Hall, Elkhorn, on December 16th, the wife of William Adare of a daughter.

KING—At the Indian Home Farm, on Dec. 22nd, the wife of George L. King of a son.

DEATHS.

TAGGART—At Elkhorn, on Dec. 22nd, Edward Taggart, aged 85 years.

SUBSCRIBE!

FOR THE

Advocate;

$1.00

PER ANNUM

All kinds of Plain & Fancy

Job Work,

Bill Heads,

Letter Heads

Note Heads

Statement Forms,

Memorandums,

Lien Notes,

Business Cards,

Wedding Cards,

Funeral Cards.

MUNICIPAL PRINTING.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Prices Away Down.

ELKHORN HARNESS EMPORIUM.

I wish to call attention to my large and Well-assorted Stock of Hand-made

HARNESS, COLLARS, SADDLES,

which I am offering to intending Purchasers at the Lowest Prices Obtainable.

ATTRACTIVE STYLES, Large Stock, Good Goods, LOW Prices.

have given me the reputation for being the *Head-quarters* for

Horse Clothing,	Whips,
Bells,	Curry combs,
Riding Bridles,	Sweat Pads,
Halters,	Fancy Housings,
Brushes,	Bits,
Trunks,	Valices,
Shawl Straps,	&c., &c., &c,

In Collars I have a large stock of the Best Manufactured in the country, and *Guarantee* to give you Entire Satisfaction.

All Goods Guaranteed Hand-made throughout, and only No. 1 stock used, Personal attention given to all orders, Repairing a Specialty.

J. M. GILROY.

SHOE EMPORIUM.

SHOE-MAKER.

(opposite Cavanagh Hotel.)

BOOTS AND Shoes

made to order; also mended and *REPAIRED.*

Material and workmanship second to none.

R. Duke

ELKHORN ADVOCATE.

THURSDAY, Dec. 22, 1892.

What an Immigrant Hears.

The immigrant has just arrived
And on the platform stands,
With sacks and grips encircling him
And others in his hands.

And as he looks among the crowd,
With eager, anxious glance,
The "landsharks" see his helpless state
And on him they advance.

Without delay he's briefly told
That he must starve or beg,
Or settle on the vacant lands
surrounding Winnipeg.

His pockets filled with endless lists
And maps to turn his brain,
He makes a desperate rush at last
And boards the south bound train.

Of the gateway city he has heard:
Near to the boundary line.
A section there he thinks to own
Close to the town of Emerson.

In language not so classic quite
As Virgil or of Horace,
He's told about the lovely land,
There is not far from Morris.

He's read about the heavenly homes
Beyond the river Jordan,
But now he hear's they're not so good
As those just close to Morden.

And yet proceeding on his way
The country still to view,
He learns the centre of the earth
Is close to Manitou.

Some ranching fancies now he takes,
And casts his eye around,
A rich prospect rushes on his sight,
By its elevation—Pilot Mound.

Not yet contented with his lot,
He trys the stone town—not in vain—
A more prosperous can't be had,
Than the wheat fields near Boissevain.

And further west he's simply told,
That if he will remain,
He must become a millionaire
Right there at Deloraine.

But, stubborn still, he has not found
A place he thinks will suit,
So starting out again to hunt
He takes another route.

And captured by a granger bold,
Who says, "if you mean farmin',
You must be mad or drunk or both,
If you don't stop at Carman."

At Glenboro and Holland, too,
He spent some little time;
But what he heard we cannot tell,
The words wont suit this chyme.

And now upon the C. P. R.
The Main line going west,
He'll doubtless hear of many towns
That discount all the rest.

And what he heard no doubt is true,
But still the fact remains,
That on the earth there is no spot
Just like the Portage Plains.

Of Carberry's farming renown he's told,
Her shrubbery, groves and lakes,
There the industrious live sumptuously,
But they've got no use for "fakes."

And yet to get a farm, he's told,
Which he will not abandon,
Must be within a "radius line"
Of twenty miles of Brandon.

And if perchance he still is free
A choice of home to make,
Another heaven-on-earth is found
At the city of Oak Lake.

Then at a station west they say,
"You'll find your life a burden,
Unless you have the sense to choose
A homestead close to Virden."

Confused and weary he lies down,
And snores away till morn,
No man of common sense could leave
The fruitful fields of dear Elkhorn.

And at another paradise
They try to rope him in;
And on the platform he will hear
The charms of Moosomin.

Oh! then that Eden of this earth
Of which the landsharks tell,
Is that lovely, parklike country
In the valley of Qu'Appelle.

And now suppose a choice is made
From all this tempting bill,
He yet will often hear that there
Is something better still.

A leading town, with no hoar frost,
He's flattered with Neepawa,
The fine location of whose site
Would induce a Persian Shah.

By youth and beauty next he's urged
To give the weak his quota,
For where can any town be found
To equal the infant—Hamiota.

Some zealous friend will say to him,
"It really is a pity,
You chose your place before you took
A look at Rapid City."

But what's the odds? for he will say,
"I made a grand selection,
The garden of the universe
Is right upon my section."

—W. A. T.

At Christ's Birthplace.

In Bethlehem of Judea there is great gladness to-day—just such gladness as is felt in every great city and in every quiet hamlet of civilized Europe and America.

This is for Bethlehem the one great season of the year, for was not Christ born in this picturesque Old World eastern town, and will not the thoughts of all believers in Christ be turned thither during the anniversary of his birth? Being honored thus above all other places of the earth, Bethlehem never forgets to do honor to the Christ who has made her famous.

On Christmas eve they will begin. During the evening of that day the believers of Jerusalem will gather together and flock out of the city, with their faces set for the famous Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem.

Down through the valley of Gihon, the old boundary between Benjamin and Judah, the people of Jerusalem will march. They will see, as they pass, the tree on which the traitor Judas is said to have hanged himself, and the well out of which the wise men drew water after they had left Herod. Within their view will also be the Convent of Elijah, erected on the site where the prophet rested during his flight from Jezebel.

As they come to the end of their six mile march, the people of Bethlehem will come out to meet them, and then, preceded by gayly attired wand-bearing heralds and followed by an immense throng of men, women and children, the bishop, robed in full vestments, will lead the way toward the Church of the Nativity, which is the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world. There mass will be celebrated, while armed Turkish soldiers, wearing their full uniform of red fezzes, blue jackets and baggy trousers, stand on guard.—New York Herald.

Why are a number of people who have had a good dinner like the list at the beginning of a book? Because they are a table of contents.

A MANITOBA FARM SCENE.

Even the church has its Christmas box.

The Christmas tree grows in queer places.

Santa Claus charges more for his visits than the doctor.

If money makes the mare go, it makes Santa Claus come.

Christmas is too much for the turkey. It makes him lose his head.

The satisfied boy at Christmas lives only in the Sunday-school book.

The girl who is caught under the mistletoe is really caught around the waist.

A White Santa Claus makes a good Christmas box, Santa Cruz is better at a punch.

The mince pie is the greatest Christmas crank. It disagrees with nearly every one.

AN OLD ENGLISH CHRISTMAS.

How Sir Roger De Coverly Kept the Feast in Queen Anne's Time.

Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. A gentleman learned from him, says a writer in the Spectator of 1712, that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season; that he had dealt out his chines very liberally among his neighbors, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs' puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish.

"I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall about in the middle of winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor heart at this season and to see the whole village merry in my great hall.

"I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer and set it a running for twelve days for every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks and smutting one another."

When is a sailor not a sailor? When he is a-bitt.

An Old Christmas Hymn.

The following, by Geoffrey Williston Christine, is probably the oldest of these quaint hymns that has been preserved; and dates back to "early English" times:

Yn a stayble Cryste was borne,
At ye catel bende theyre knees,
On ye cross his lymbs were torne
That heaven maybe reached with ease.
Shoute and syng and hayle ye morne,
Cryste our Lorde, ys borne, ys borne.

Peece, good will to al on eyrthe,
Wype from every eye ye teare,
Bye that wundrus royal byrthe
Mankynde are freed from every fear.
Shoute and syng and hayle ye morne,
Cryste, our Lorde, ys borne, ys borne.

Why are the fourteenth and fifteenth letters in the alphabet of more importance than the others? Because we cannot get on (O N) without them.

A MANITOBA HARVEST FIELD.

Just Like Him.

Landlord—If the roof leaks it is your blame.

Tenant—It's a wonder you didn't say that it was Santa Claus did it coming down the chimney.

His Choice.

"What shall we get for Freddy for Christmas, dear?" asked perplexed Mrs. Fangle.

"Oh, replied Fangle, anything that doesn't make a noise."

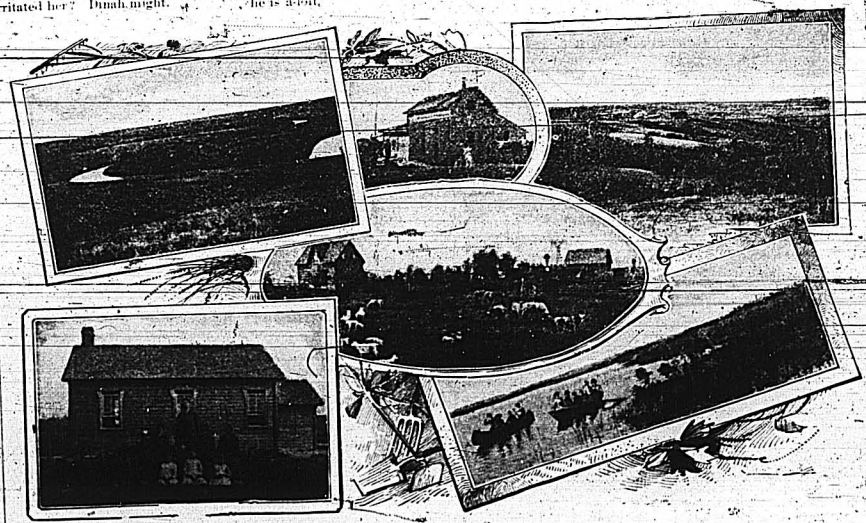
What woman would be the most likely to give her husband a blowing up if he irritated her? Dinah might.

Christmas Propriety.

When the wooden-legged man got a pair of skates he was mad; but what was his anger in comparison with that of the man without arms who got a pair of gloves?

"Oh, cautious!" exclaimed the ancient Miss Prue, cottoning to the only disengaged young man in the ballroom. "Do you know we are standing under that horrid mistletoe?" and she pretended to be dreadfully nervous.

"In that case, ma'am," he replied, allow me to lead you to a seat; you seem rather faint."



TYPICAL MANITOBA SCENES.

IN OTHER LANDS.

How the Children in Europe Observe Christmas Day.

In Belgium the children fill their shoes with beans and carrots on Christmas eve, and set them in the chimney place for the good saint's horse. In the morning they expect to find them filled with sweetmeats and fruit in return for their good behavior.

In Holland the children hang up their wooden stockings by the tiled chimney piece, and then go soberly to bed quite sure that good St. Nicholas will visit them, provided they do not disturb him in his visit.

Bohemian children listen anxiously on Christmas eve for the chariot and white horses of the "Christ child" as he comes flying through the air with his krippe full of presents; but the Italian children go gravely with their parents to churches and cathedral to see the bambino, or saint, who presents them with their Christmas gifts.

The Spanish children hide their shoes or slippers in the bushes on Christmas eve, and find them filled with fruit and sugar plums on Christmas morning.

In France the young people stand their shoes in a convenient place for the gifts to be dropped into. Sometimes if the shoe of a bad boy is among them he finds a whip in it in the morning, and he must be a stupid fellow who cannot take so sharp a hint. Very different are the feelings of a German child. He waits with feelings of mingled awe and pleasure for the coming of two important personages—the "Christ child" and the "Knecht Ruppert." The latter person questions naughty children and threatens them with punishment till the "Christ child's" intercession saves the culprit and wins its pardon. Then these two Christmas apparitions lay down their burdens of gifts and depart.

In some parts of Germany the good saint will have a Christmas tree brilliantly illuminated with wax candles to hang its gifts on. He is not satisfied simply with the stocking in the chimney, and it is from this whim of his saintship that the custom has spread into other countries and come over to our own. The Christmas tree of to day, however, is only a successor to its prototype, the ancient legendary ydgnafil or eternal tree, that had its roots in earth and its top in heaven.

In Germany the schoolboys and choristers make the midnight air ring with their merry carols. The "Three Kings of the East," the Angel Gabriel and the Star Singers" parade the streets, and similiar processions go about in Italy, France and Spain. In former years, and perhaps even now in some localities in England, the Christmas waits—young lads—make the air vocal with lovely Christmas carols, but in our country these are reserved to be heard in church and Sunday school, and sometimes they ring out in chimes from the church steeple.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

What holds all the snuff in the world? No one nose.

What is the latest thing in dresses? Night dresses.

Why is a sneeze like Niagara? Because it's a catarrhact.

Why do honest ducks dip their heads under water? To liquidate their little bills.

Why is a balky horse like the capital of Turkey? Because he is constant in no pill.

Why is a four-quart measure like a lady's side-saddle? Because it just holds a gal-lon.

What two letters do boys' delight in, to the annoyance of their elders? Two T's (to tease).

Why is a man taking a nap like a man reading a paper? B cause he's enjoying his (s)nooze.

Why should volunteers especially dislike the letter T? Because it turns rifles into trifles.

RICHILL AVENUE ELKHORN. T. D. Cavanagh, Proprietor.

PRAIRIE PROVINCE PEN PICTURES

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE IN FIFTEEN YEARS.

Wonderful Showing for a Country Over Which the Buffalo Roamed a Few Years Back.

Here's food for reflection!

Twenty years ago the province of Manitoba was barely known. The "Red River Country," as it was then called, was the home of the Indian, who roamed hither and thither at sweet will. Any one of the more important towns can now boast of a larger population than the territory embraced in Manitoba had, of English speaking people, then.

Thirteen years ago there was no railway in the province. Now there are 2,000 miles, covering the province with a network of iron rails.

Twelve years ago we were hardly a place of sufficient importance to call for notice from the outside world; now, it may safely be said, there is no territory more widely known the world over, for here are to be found representatives of almost all nationalities.

Fifteen years ago there was not a town of any size in the whole of the west; now there are towns almost every few miles, with railways thereto, factories running, large elevators, the best markets at home, streets and houses lighted by electricity, water and gas works. All modern conveniences are now to be found.

Twelve years ago there was nothing but the winding trail for the traveller; now there are thousands miles of good graded roads, with a corresponding extent of block pavement, stone and plank walks.

Twelve years ago, "sport" in the now accepted term, was not known. Now there is cricket, baseball, lacrosse, tennis, football, rowing, curling, hockey, tobogganing, snow-shoeing—everything in the nature of "sport," is found at all corners of the territory, and the province has carried off the leading honors in a number of these over the Dominion and United States.

Twelve years back there was not a wholesale house in the country. The Hudson Bay Co. had a monopoly in this respect as a supply depot for the various trading posts throughout the vast western territory. Now there are over eighty wholesale houses, carrying vast quantities of the very best goods.

Fifteen years ago the telegraph, as far as the general public was concerned, was barely known; now the wires run out in every direction.

Twelve years ago hardly a horse and buggy was to be found; the one-ox, or cow, and cart was the aristocratic means of conveyance. Now the tables are turned. Few, very few indeed, of those heads of conveyance are to be seen. Horses and rigs of the very best predominate.

Ten years ago the flour and meat supply for Manitoba came from the east and south. To-day the Province leads the vail in this respect. Here "No. 1 hard" rules the world for flour.

Ten years back the area under cultivation was but limited; now there are 1,400,000 acres, yielding grain of different kinds for the world's markets. The wheat yield has averaged 22 bushels to the acre and in some instances reached 45 bushels.

Less than fifteen years ago there were not 10,000 souls in the whole territory. At present Manitoba has a population of over 160,000 souls. During the past decade Manitoba increased 148.01 in population, while the whole Dominion only advanced 11.52 per cent.

Fifteen years back there was not an English speaking school of any importance. Now there are close on 600 in the Province, with an educational system no better the world over. Manitoba also has a number of well equipped colleges.

Ten years ago the public institutions of the country were few and far between, and those in existence were of the most primeval sort. To-day, as can be seen by the cuts shewn herewith, there are some of the very best, all fitted up with modern conveniences.

Fifteen years ago the settlers met for worship in the homes of the nabitants; now are to be found, the land over, comfortable meeting-houses, with numbers of imposing structures. All denominations are here represented.

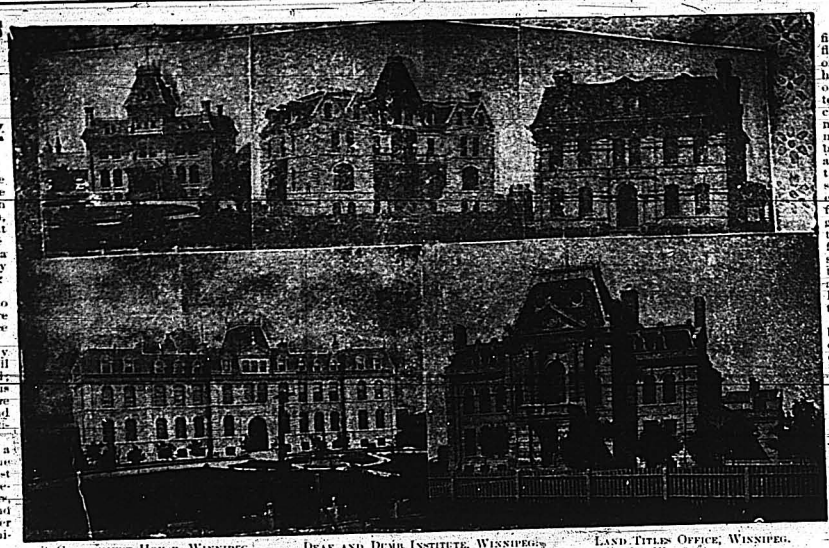
Ten years ago the postal arrangements were of the crudest kind. Now there are post offices every few miles throughout the Province. Winnipeg, the capital, standing in the fourth place for postal revenue in the Dominion.

Twelve years ago there were no banks in the country. Now we have local banks, loan institutions, fire and life insurance companies and other monetary concerns, doing a prosperous business.

What has brought about this great change?

In brief we would reply:

The central location of Manitoba in the North American continent; the productiveness of her soil for grain and vegetables of all kinds; the luxuriousness of her grasses for grazing of horses, cattle, sheep and swine; the abundance of fish in her waters; game on the prairie; the plentiful supply of water; cheap fuel within her borders; the easiness with which grain is raised, and the fine climate, have wrought these changes.



Government House, Winnipeg. Legislative and Departmental Building. Deaf and Dumb Institute, Winnipeg. Court House, E. J. D., Winnipeg. Land Titles Office, Winnipeg.

Seasonable Selections.

If thou wouldst walk in light,
Make other spirits bright.
—C. Seymour

Thou who wast born and cradled in a manger
Hast gladdened our poor earth with hope and rest;
Oh, best beloved, come not as a stranger,
But tarry Lord, our friend and Christmas guest.
—Sarah Doudney.

Only Stories.

Mrs. Brown—It always makes me feel sad to read those stories about how the poor tramp is reminded of the innocent days of his childhood by Christmas festivities he sees around him.

Brown—That's all nonsense, my dear. In the winter all the tramps are in the workhouse.

Love's Softening Influence.

It is remarkable how far little evidences of love and confidence in the home circle go toward perfecting the moral character and habits of men. Many a man whose wife presents him, with a box of cigars on Christmas will swear off smoking on New Year's.—Milwaukee News.

Paid in Her Own Coin.

As the holidays drew near, the teacher, who had been very confident that the children would clip in and buy her a nice present, began to draw a long face. She was an old hand at the business, and when she failed to see the little king of the school go around among the scholars with a pencil and a piece of paper in his hand, she knew only too well that there was no movement under way to raise a subscription for her benefit. She thought over the matter a long while and at last decided that the best thing that she could do was to broach the subject to one of her scholars. At the first opportunity she went up to little Johnny, put her arm around his neck, kissed him, and then said: "Christmas will soon be here, my dear, and I love you all so much that I would like to give each of you a little present, but I am too poor to do that. It's so nice to be a scholar, because each one can give a little toward the teacher's present, and never feel it at all." The next day little Johnny went up to the teacher and said: "I've been speaking to the boys, ma'am, about what you said to me yesterday, and we've decided that it wouldn't be fair to give you anything." "And why not?" asked the teacher. "Because," replied little Johnny, "the only thing you ever gave any of us was a licking."

Christmas Confidences.

"Be sure and put the best things on top," said the grocer to his wife, as she was filling the stocking.

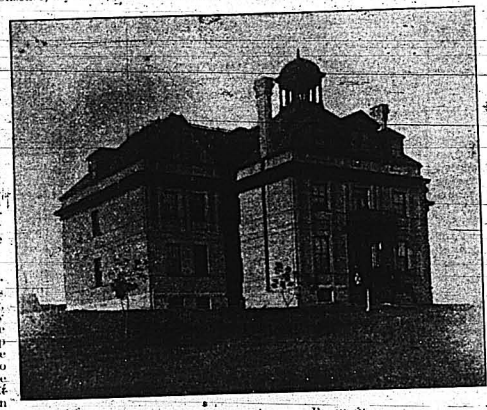
"If you knew what I was made of," said the baker's mince pie to the small boy, "you wouldn't touch me."

"They say one is apt to dream of her future husband at Christmas," remarked a widow to herself. "I hope I won't dream of my last one."

"Charlie gets only seven dollars a week," reasoned Miss Deceit, "so I'm afraid this locket can't be real gold. I will take it to the jeweler's to be tested."

"It was very kind of the Goodhearts to remember us," said Mrs. Sharley to her husband, "but I think it would look better if they paid their debts instead of buying people' presents."

There is a great difference between the mistletoe and the wall-flower—generally the whole length of the room.



Reformatory and Asylum, Brandon.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

It is the Most-Cherished and Popular of Holiday Institutions.

The Christmas tree is cherished with the same loving affection as ever. It may not be fashionable in the parlors of the aristocratic, to whom few seasons bring any of the deeper feelings which fill the minds of men and women whose lives are not made up of cold formality. But among the great majority of the people the joys of Christmas day will not be complete without the Christmas tree, with its numerous tiny tapers, its oranges, apples, bonbons, gilded crackers and the present which is to surprise the fond papa, who has been aware of its existence for three or four weeks. Nor will the day have so firm a hold on the mind of the young were it not for those rosy cheeked dolls peeping from behind the green leaves, those watches which are striking (ticking might be a better word) proofs of perpetual motion, and those bright little men who show such an amount of good temper that they repay the child who beheads them with a supply of sweetmeats which their little heads carefully preserved from view.

A thousand more things there are to keep the Christmas tree ever green in the mind of the young as well as the old. According to the dealers, the middle classes are the largest buyers of this happy emblem of the day, and in the matter of nationality, the Irish and the German lead the way. The trees are pine and cedar, the former coming from Wisconsin and the latter from Missouri. Recently the hospital matron, the Sunday school miss and a great many more were to be seen making their bargains for the best trees they could select, and some of them reach as high as twenty-eight feet.

Green holly, contrasting pleasantly with red berries, is also in the market, and there is ivy woven into tempting wreaths by knowing traders. Most of the holly and ivy come from the south. For the rest the merchants and bankers say that money is easier than it has been for a long time, and therefore if it freely spent. With the sight of snow and a little frost on his window pane, as one glanced from his room in the morning, the city would present a truly Christmas aspect.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In Hard Luck.

"I was so hard up at Christmas," remarked a tramp, "that I couldn't get enough to eat, let alone anything to drink. As a last-resort I rang the minister's bell and asked him if he would give a little food to a repentant sinner, who hadn't eaten anything for a week."

"If you're truly repentant," he said, "I'll save you, my poor man."

"I am, sir," I replied, feeling sure he'd invite me into the kitchen.

"In that case," he returned, "just kneel down there on the stoop and I'll give you some food for reflection."

Boiled Turkey and Oyster Sauce.

Boiled turkey should be dressed exactly like roast turkey, except that after being trussed it is bound in a white cloth and boiled continuously for from one hour and a quarter to one and a half, according as its weight varies from six to ten pounds. It is usually dished with oyster sauce. To make oyster sauce, save all the juice in opening the oysters; cut off the beards and put them to boil in the liquor, with a bit of mace and lemon peel; put the oysters into cold water and drain them; strain the liquor; add to it the oysters just drained from the cold water, with a lump of butter rubbed in a little flour and enough milk to make the amount of sauce required. Put on the fire and let it boil a few moments, stirring constantly. Serve at once. A little squeeze of lemon is an improvement.—Philadelphia Record.

Christmas Buzz-Saws.

The Christmas tree bears queer fruit.

The bad boy often fares better than he deserves.

Around Christmas time the turkey has a regular roast.

The biggest stocking doesn't always have the most put in it.

The bad boy's shortcomings are forgotten at Christmas.

Santa Claus turns a deaf ear to the greedy boy's requests.

It is the free lunch fiend who knocks the stuffing out of the turkey.

The old woman who keeps her boodle in her stocking never thinks of hanging it up.

The girl who hangs up the biggest piece of mistletoe doesn't get kissed the most.

The friend who is unable to pay the money he borrowed always has enough to make you a present.

Christmas Pudding.

One pound of beef suet chopped fine, one pound of dried and sifted flour, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one pound of brown sugar, half a pound of citron, the grated peel of two lemons and one orange, one teaspoonful each of salt, powdered cloves, cinnamon and allspice, one nutmeg grated, two teaspoonfuls of mace, eight eggs, one gill milk, one of brandy and one of wine, two ounces almonds bleached and chopped. Chop the suet very fine and free it from strings, mix with the flour, add the eggs and sugar beaten together, the fruit dredged with flour, the spices, grated peel, milk and brandy. Mix thoroughly, put into three one quart fancy moulds with tight covers and steam four or five hours. They can be heated by steaming for an hour at any time and will keep indefinitely. If the flavor of almonds is not liked they can be omitted.

It is important that these puddings be steamed, not boiled. The writer dislikes the practice of pouring brandy over and lighting it, claiming that it imparts a disagreeable flavor.—New York Herald.

The Perrenial Complaint.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Younghusband to the partner of his joys, who was about to start forth on Christmas shopping bent, "get presents for all the family-in-law, and buy a nice lot of things for the boys; but don't spend more than a hundred dollars. We must live within our income."

"Why George," replied the lady, in an aggrieved tone, "you told me we had two hundred dollars this month—you know you did."

And Mr. Younghusband only sighed.

MANITOBA

—THE GREAT—

GRAIN AND CATTLE PROVINCE,

HAS WITHIN ITS BORDERS

HOMES FOR ALL

Manitoba is making rapid progress as shown by the fact that

In 1890 there were under crop	1,082,701 acres
In 1891 there were under crop	1,349,781 acres
Increase	267,087 acres
In 1890 there were under wheat	746,058 acres
In 1891 there were under wheat	916,664 acres
Increase	170,606 acres

These figures are more eloquent than words, and indicate clearly the wonderful development taking place. Not a boom, but certain and healthy growth. Horses, Cattle and Sheep thrive wonderfully on the nutritious grasses of the prairie, and Mixed Farming is now engaged in all over the Province.

There are still **Free Homesteads** in some parts of Manitoba.

Cheap Railroad Lands—$2.50 to $10.00 per acre. Ten years to pay for them.

Improved Farms for sale or leasing, from private individuals and corporations, at low prices, and on easy terms.

Now is the Time to Obtain a Home in this wonderfully fertile Province. Population is moving in rapidly, and land is annually increasing in value. In all parts of Manitoba there are now

Good Markets, Railroads, Churches and Schools,

and most of the comforts of an old settled country.

Investment of Capital.—There are very good openings in many parts for investment of capital in manufactories and other commercial enterprises.

For the latest information, new books, maps, etc., all free, write to

HON. THOS. GREENWAY,
Minister of Agriculture and Immigration,
Or to WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

The Manitoba Immigration Agency,
No. 80 York Street, Toronto.

Some Yule-Tide Don'ts.

Don't put R. S. V. P. on your present to your rich uncle.

Don't borrow money from your friend to pay for his present.

Don't present your wife with a handsome mahogany cigar box.

Don't give your guest who has overstand his welcome a travelling bag.

Don't misspell the words "presence" in the invitations to your Christmas party.

Don't attribute your bonbon headache to the drum your enemy sent your son.

Don't decline a present simply because the expressage or postage has not been prepaid.

Don't expect your husband to be pleased if you give him an ivory-backed hand mirror.

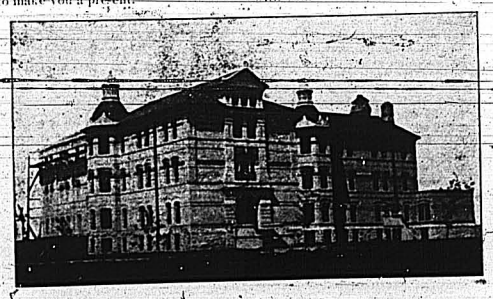
Don't hang up more than three pairs of stockings if you are visiting friends in the country.

Don't send the unreceipted bill for her present to your fiance in mistake for a Christmas card.

Don't impersonate Santa Claus in a sealskin sacque, rubber boots and auburn side whiskers.

Don't eat two mince pies, a plum pudding, lobster salad and ice cream, and complain that the climate does not agree with you.

Home for Incurables, Portage la Prairie.



Manitoba Lunatic Asylum, Selkirk.

The
Elkhorn District Advocate,
Weekly.
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT THE
DISTRICT ADVOCATE OFFICE
ELKHORN MAN

SUBSCRIPTION. $1.00 per annum in advance.
Contributions, articles and letters intended for publication must be addressed to the editor, and be in his hands not later than Wednesday at noon, otherwise they cannot be inserted until the following week. All communications must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

ADVERTISING RATES

One column	1 year	$60.
	6 months	48.
	3 months	29.
	1 month	12.
Half column	1 year	48.
	6 months	29.
	3 months	16.
	1 month	8.25.
Quarter column	1 year	29.
	6 months	16.
	3 months	9.50.
	1 month	5.50.
Eighth column	1 year	16.
	6 months	9.60.
	3 months	6.50.
	1 month	4.

Transient Advertisements such as Sales Entertainments, Legal Notices, Meetings Tenders &c.—10 cents per line for first insertion, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of Lost, Stolen, Strayed, Wanted, For-sale, To-let &c. when not more than 10 lines,—50 cents 1st insertion and 25 cents each subsequent insertion. Additional lines at proportional rates.

F. J. GREENSTREET PROPRIETOR

VOL. 1. No. 11

Christmas Number, 1892.

OUR VIRDEN LETTER.

Items of Interest from the Capital of Dennis.

Rev. Mr. Beattie has had his hands quite of late tying nuptial knots. Whether Mr. Beattie has a better or more secure way of tying such mystical knots, I know not, but one thing is certain he is at present the popular splicer.

Our Town Council elections are over. The fortunate candidates are, Mr. Foster, Mr. McNiven, Mr. Wyatt and Mr. Ramsay. It is to be hoped that they will have a little more "get" in them than the former ones, and secure for us a few of the blessings of the 19th century. Imagine a town the size of Virden having neither electric light nor yet a fire system worthy the name.

Mr. Elder's meeting at Portage La Prairie was not so well attended as might have been expected, from the ability and wide knowledge of the speaker. The audience consisted of the door keeper, two ushers and three others. Portage la Prairie farmers must be either blind to their own interests, or think they know all about farming.

Mrs. Woolhouse is doing a rushing business in the Christmas gift line.

It would be all very well for us Manitobans to boast of our rich prairies, our great crops, to the outside world, were it true But it is not true, and the sooner we begin to realize that a comfortable living is just as difficult to obtain here as elsewhere, the better for ourselves, and certainly the better for those who are leaving comfortable homes in the east, for Manitoba, a step they never would have undertaken had it not been for the misleading immigration pamphlets with which the eastern provinces deluged, and the lies which men have written their friends about their wonderful success in the country. I know farmers who do not live a hundred miles from the boasted grain centre, who, when visiting their friends in the east, told marvellous stories of their success, and yet these same men owe their seed wheat for the past three years. Out upon all such falsity and puffing of the long bow, may the Christmas bells "ring out the false and ring in the true." We hear much of the evils of landlordism in the Old Country. What better are we in Manitoba? Better, did I say? we are worse. In the Old Country the landlord has a certain amount of compassion. In Manitoba, the Mortgage Co'y has none. In other words, in the Old Country the merciful landlord rules, in this, the merciless Mortgage Companies and the spoon fed manufacturers are despotic. Now is the time for our boasted well-doing agriculturists and business men to show their appreciation of the success they have reaped in Manitoba, by extending the hand of help to the many suffering poor in our midst. You point to So-and-so, as having had nothing when he came, and say, "see what Manitoba has done for him." Just see! I can point to

[illegible] young [illegible] whom Manitoba's wonderful harvests have ruined. Rich farmers! If God has prospered you, remember the children of your unfortunate brother, at this moment season of the year. Look up those whom the Sheriff has sold out to satisfy the squeezing, grinding merchants and machine men. You will not need a lantern to find them, they are as plentiful as fallen leaves in O[illegible] [illegible] to them your charity [illegible] [illegible] you shall be blessed. Think of the many honey [illegible] of you who have labored faithfully and well during the past season, and whose crops were a failure. Don't be afraid to dispense charity for fear the outside world may learn that we do have failures in Manitoba. Cultivate a spirit of benevolence that shall smile upon the poor and needy; that shall do gentle deeds of kindness; that shall succor with sweet charity; that shall soothe, caress and forgive; that shall plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

Read the story of Scrooge as given in Dicken's Christmas Carol. Follow its teachings and no doubt, you shall reap the blessings which were bestowed upon Scrooge, and being blessed you shall, like him be a blessing to others.

Wishing you, and your readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am

Yours etc.,
BROADBRIM.

BEULAH BITS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The Rev. Mr. King [illegible] preached here on Sunday evening last. There was a very sparse congregation although it was a beautiful evening. It is a great pity that members of the Church of England in this district do not make more of a point of attending Divine service on the few occasions offered, especially when the weather and trails are good.

Our popular store keeper Mr. Marsh, has just received a large consignment of Christmas goods, which we think will be well patronized by our young folks. Prices at then all are away down for cash. G. W. M is giving 30 per cent off in some lines.

The Indians on the Bird Tail Creek, west of here, intend having their annual Christmas tree as usual. As times are a little hard with them this winter on account of the short crop of wheat, they would be glad of a little help to enable them to deck the giant of the forest in good shape. Any friends wishing to help might do so through Rev. J. B. McArthur, Beulah.

Mr. Thos. Stevenson has been duly elected Reeve of Miniota Municipality. Mr. John Fleming having decided to stay at home.

We understand that one of our popular young ladies is shortly going south on a matrimonial trip. We wish her every happiness in her new sphere of life.

We are glad to report that Miss Edith Reynolds, who has been laid up some time with a very severe attack of inflamation of the lungs and plurisy, is progressing favourably. We wish her a speedy recovery.

We think the Town Council of Virden should pass a by law forbidding the sale of matches to any but reliable persons, if something radical is not done soon, Insurance agents will give Virden a very wide berth.

The skating rink is about completed at Birtle and all the young people are cutting m[illegible] threes and eights preparatory to getting down to the real jam.

There will be a lecture on "The elements of Success" by the Principal of Manitoba College held in Beulah church on Tuesday evening the 20th. A large turnout is expected.

There is to be a masked ball at Blenheim shortly. Should your correspondent be asked could you oblige him with the printers devil's costume for the occasion.

We noticed a gopher out sunning himself one day this week. We hope this is an omen of a coming fine spell.

Wishing you and all your readers a very happy Christmas, I will say adieu for this week.

MCGREGOR.

Mr. Thos. Sinnington shot a fine deer when out hunting on the Pipestone a few days ago. They say that whenever Tom gets on to the track of game he is sure to bring it home.

I am pleased to say that Mr. Jaffray's hand which was hurt in the wheat chopper is much better than it was, and the owner is looking as hale and hearty as ever.

The school is closed up for the winter months, and the services are discontinued. We shall forget all our religion and all our schooling before spring.

Mr. Edward King, of St. John's College, Winnipeg, will spend Christmas with his brother at the Indian Home farm.

The boys in this district are continually on the hunt, with all sorts of weapons from pea rifles to blunderbusses, but unless they are after rabbits or chickens, they usually return empty handed, or if they bring game they don't show it. I don't wish to infer that any of our sportsmen had anything to do with the Elkhorn highway robbery, because none of us knew that there was a chance; I think, that as you run a paper which gives forecasts of other events (such as the comet which we sat up for five mortal hours to see—and it didn't come) you might let us know next time seven hundred dollars are to be met with on the street. We don't want to HANDLE it, and will leave our guns at home for that night, but we would like to see it. It would be like seeing an old friend, and one that we had nearly forgotten was in the land of existence.

So the Council is going to try and get on without Mr. Cushing; Well, I suppose worse things HAVE happened than his leaving the Board, but I think it is a pity he could not have been pursuaded to stay. Watson Crosby may do all right, and I don't say he will not, but the long and the

short of it is that the new Reeve will experience a little difficulty in filling the old Reeve's chair, for though the two may not differ much in weight, the one gets it in his length and the other in his breadth. The one being somewhat narrow, (bodily not mentally) and the other is decidedly broad, (same distinction.)

BEAUTY IN THE FAR NORTH WEST

In the far North West it is not as it is in too favoured England, where there is a girl and a decimal to every man. There, there is but a decimal of ladies' society to each man; and when a beauty appears on the prairie, lovers and admirers simply rain upon her. This autumn a beauty from the distant township came over the flat and illimitable horizon of the prairie, and was driven over to spend a day or two with the wife of a neighbouring farmer. Instantly, by some mysterious influence, the news of her arrival spread far and wide and caused a great flutter among the young bachelors. Suddenly, all of them remembered that they had once been beautiful. They looked up their long-disused razors, boiled their shirt-fronts and in the truce which preceeded the opening of the siege trimmed one another's too-Paderewskian locks with the station shears.

Early on the following morning they came trooping across the prairie from all points of the compass in carts and waggons, on horses and on ponies; and all converged upon the farmstead, until that lucky house suggested a livery establishment or the centre of a camp meeting. Meanwhile, the farm student flattered himself that he had got things all his own way, and looked forward with rapture to a long and quiet day with the fair visitor. But it was not to be. Every five minutes all through the morning a neighbor dropped in quite accidently, and almost unrecognisable in his store clothes, till the farm pupil went out in disgust, and muttered awful formulae to the disgusted cattle. Then suddenly a bright idea struck him. "She is going away to-night. I'll catch the pony and drive her back." At once he set to work to [illegible] the animal, preparatory to putting a halter over its head; but his evil fortune still dogged him, for the pony was in its most playful mood, and on more than one occasion he had to admit that cornered was by no means the same as collared. At last he worked the pony into the long reeds by the river's side. and, taking off his coat, "Now we'll see, my boy," and he saw a clean pair of heels, and in the distance his rival, the despised Shanty B[illegible], who having won the position to which he had aspired; was driving off in triumph with the fair damsel beside him, followed by the rest of the bachelor crew on horseback. And as the far North West beauty takes the sacrifices of bachelors with unruffled calm—the farm pupil was not even missed from the little court of her admirers.—Graphic.

THE LONG SLIDE.

(Dedicated, without the least respect, to Lindley Murray.)

The butcher's boy had made a slide in the
middle of the road;
It was the very longest slide that ever
mortal slode.
The baker's boy espied it, and observed,
"Now this is good,
I'll have a go at that there slide," and
subsequently slood.
The village patriarch upon the slippery
surface trod;
Most inadvertently and unintentionally
he slod.
The Misses Smith, though middle-aged,
felt youthful tastes renewed,
Glanced round—saw no one coming and
started off and slewed.
The Curate, passing down the street, remembered that he had
Some skill in sliding as a boy, and elegantly slad.
The doctor followed boldly, with a cry of
"Who's afraid?"
And suffered much from somersaults: in
agony he slade.
The constable remarked it, "Well," he
said, "I never did!
I shall be slidin' next myself," which having said, he slid.
At the end of the slide they all came down
on a heap of frozen mud,
And sat there, and were sorry that they
had ever [illegible],
And did not love the boy who made in the
middle of the road
The slide that was the longest slide that
ever mortal slode.
Illustrated London News.

THE RINK.

The new skating and curling rink is about completed, and a number of men have been busy at the pump during the last few days flooding the ice and getting it in to shape for the use of curlers and skaters. The building is a good one, and doubtless many will be taking advantage of the amusement offered during the day and long winter evenings. We understand that arrangements have been made whereby tea, coffee and light refreshments will be served during the evenings at a moderate cost. This is a wise step on the part of the managing committee.

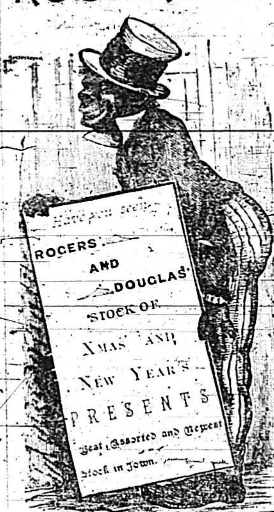
ELECTION FOR COUNCILLOR.

The election for member of the Municipal Council of the Rural Municipality of Wallace, Ward 3, took place on Tuesday last. The candidates were William Wood farmer, and member of the late Council. Richard de W. Waller, agent, and Samuel Greenwood, farmer. At the close of the poll the votes were declared as follows:—

Wood—12.
Waller—21.
Greenwood—5.

Mr. Wood was therefore declared re-elected.

ROGERS & DOUGLAS,



LAMB COATS
AT
$20.
Bear Coats,
$14.50 to $20.00.
Lots of Useful Toys for the young.
Albums,
Card [illegible]
Writing Cases,
Manicure sets,
Shaving sets,
And all sorts of Useful and Ornamental Presents
for old & young.

VIRDEN ROLLER MILLS
RUNNING EVERY DAY.
Bring Your Gristing before Cold Weather sets in
Forty lbs. of Flour per bushel of No. 1 Hard, and 18 lb. of Feed.
FIRST CLASS FLOUR GUARANTEED
Koester & Son.
Ask for Quotations for Flour, Bran and Shorts.

EXCURSION EAST
BUY YOUR TICKETS VIA
NORTHERN PACIFIC RY.
LUXURIOUS CARS.
FIRSTCLASS ATTENTION.
DELIGHTFUL SCENERY.
EVERYBODY GOING EAST should travel by this Road and spend a few days in ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, and CHICAGO.
This is by far the most comfortable and enjoyable Route.
Call and get rates.
W. M. CUSHING, Agent.

SALE OF SCHOOL LANDS.

NOTICE is hereby given that it is the intention of the Department of the Interior to hold a sale of School Lands in the Province of Manitoba on or about the first of January next.

The sale will be by public auction, and will be held in the cities of Winnipeg and Brandon, and at such other convenient points as may hereafter be decided upon.

Due notice will be given prior to the sale of the dates and places at which it is to be held, and complete lists of the lands will be furnished.

In the meantime preliminary lists which will be subject to alteration from time to time as the reports of the School Lands Inspectors are received, both as regards the parcels to be sold and the upset prices may be had on application to the Secretary, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg.

As the public does not appear to be fully aware that the Department of the Interior being charged with the administration of these lands, is bound to take every possible means to prevent their illegal occupation it is conceived to be necessary to publish this intimation of the fact, and to make it known as widely as possible that actions of law will be instituted after the auction sale hereinbefore mentioned against all persons who may assume to occupy or cultivate the lands or any portion thereof.

The lands in question will be offered for sale without regard to any improvements which may be alleged to exist thereon, the value of which will in no case be secured to the person at whose cost the said improvements may be alleged to have been effected.

By order,
JOHN R. HALL,
Secretary.
Department of the Interior
Ottawa, 4th October, 189[illegible].

SUBSCRIBE!
FOR THE
Advocate.
$1.00
PER ANNUM

COMMUNICATIONS

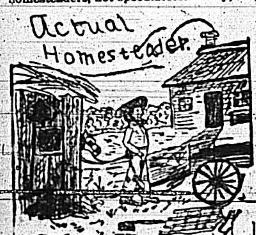
THAT BOOR DRUGGER.

To the Editor of the ADVOCATE:—

DEAR SIR,—I saw in one of our local papers a few days ago, a letter in which the writer gave his views as to who should and who should not be allowed to enter for homestead lands in the North West. The objection was raised that in many parts of Manitoba and the Territories, the best of the Government lands had been taken up by business men and "dudes." Some of the remarks were so amusing that I think it likely that they will prove interesting to your readers. The writer claims that on one occasion in driving to a town he passed a farm and pulled up his horses at the door of the house intending to inquire his way. The house was empty but not locked up. The stables and farm yard were deserted, and there was no sound or look of life about the place. There were about forty acres of land out of a possible 160, under cultivation (!), and the writer of the letter afterwards found that the owner of the land had been living in the town three miles away, during the last two years, and that during that time he had never seen his property. Then the writer bursts forth into a flow of language which is touching and pathetic. "This dude, this long-legged, hard hatted, high collared, stiff-necked, clean shaved, black coated dude was a clerk in a drug store. Five years ago he had entered for the place, and during the first three years (until he got his deed) he had occasionally driven out and slept at the "farm." He had hired a tramp for the price of his tobacco and whisky to go out to the place and "put in a crop," and the Government told him that he had "done his duty" and gave him a deed. I was informed that there were several Honest Settlers who

THIS DUDE

hunted through the country trying to find land when this drug store dude was holding his speculation down, men who would have done honor to their country and district, and who would have become actual homesteaders, not speculators. Why, sir,



the only good action that this d—d up, highly scented, smooth tongued pilferer of other mens property, this wretched, pill-pounding, drug mixing, pence griping, pauper cheating city clerk ever did was in keeping an empty house on the prairie, where a tramp could sleep on the bare floor when the glass stood forty below zero, and from what I understand, he would never have allowed this, had he been able to prevent it, or had he been on hand to draw a quarter out of his lodger.

ONE OF HIS LODGERS.

These, Mr. Editor, are the sort of men who are keeping back the country; it is such as these who should be forced either to live on the land or let their betters do so.

I tell you, sir, that men of this description are the ruination of the country. They arrive with a little money of their own (probably paid them by fond relatives as a bribe to quit their native land for the good of the country.) They take up the place of men who, while wearing poorer clothes, are worth a hundred of such num skulls, and the consequence is that the honest settler has to take, and be content with second rate land, and try to scrape a living out of that, and as we all know that we won't gather grapes off thistles, the honest homesteader finds himself fighting a hopeless battle, out of which he comes not only financially, but often with overwork, bodily crippled as well. And how is this Government land dude spending the time when he should

CRIPPLED

be out behind a team of oxen? How much good is HE doing the country? Instead of tilling his land, he is poisoning his customers with drugs that they don't require. Instead of going to bed after an honest day's work, he is poisoning himself with gin, a more deadly poison than those he dispenses during the day, or else wasting his valuable time and blessed rest in a ball room, with fools of both sexes equally as soft witted as himself.

WASTING HIS VALUABLE TIME.

THESE are the people who are the ruin of this country. This is the blot that it behoves every one of us etc., etc., and so on for another half column, arguing the matter out, and laying down the law as if he thinks he has a special mission to

ARGUING THE MATTER OUT.

rectify the matter. There is one question which keeps coming up before the reader of this interesting epistle, and that is, what on earth can that unfortunate drug dispenser ever have done to merit the slanging he receives from the writer?

Yours very truly,
A READER.

Log Shanty Farm,
Wallace Cross Roads,
Dec. 20th, 1892.

DEAR ADVOCATE:

Owing to several reasons you have not had my usual letter, which is perhaps more of a disappointment to me than to your readers, for like all aspirants for literary honors, I like to see my own productions in print. Among the reasons it is only necessary to mention lack of news, loss of pencil and a frozen ink bottle, and surely these will be deemed sufficient.

The approach of Christmas causes more or less unusual stir with my neighbors, or at least with those who are fortunate enough to have a helpmeet, and the preparation of the ingredients for mince pies and plum pudding, is not an unusual sight when one goes "neighboring." The youngsters too all seem to be looking forward to that day with additional interest. I am glad to notice that you are to have a grand entertainment in Elkhorn during the holiday season; and I hope the weather will be fine and mild so that those at a distance may be able to take their children in to enjoy it. This would I am sure be a great treat to the youngsters and their enjoyment would well repay the parents for a little extra trouble, and I hope they will bear it in mind.

The laudable action of our Council in providing librairies for each school, will be hailed with delight by both young and old, and in cases where there is no winter term the Sec.-Treas. will no doubt be accommodating enough to take charge of the books and allow them to be made use of during the winter.

I am sorry my suggestion of re-electing the present Council in a body was not carried out, for they have been faithful to our interests, but from what I heard on nomination day, am satisfied the new men will be good successors. I could say something very nice about the retiring Reeve and the Reeve-elect, but think they both got all the encominoms that is good for them in one season, and I will reserve mine for some future occasion.

Virden is certainly very unfortunet in the way of fires, and the destruction of Ogilvie's elevator will make quite a gap in the north side of the track. Much sympathy is everywhere expressed for Mr. Elder in the loss sustained by him in this fire, for I hear he had no insurance on the wheat stored there.

The Elkhorn correspondent of the "Advance" is a wonderfully prolific writer, and adds much to the newsiness of that paper. I think, however, he occasionally produces articles that would be much better left unwritten, and his lengthy effusion on the Sunday School question will not tend towards harmony. When in town a few days ago, I made it a point to obtain accurate information on the subject from friends of all denominations, and the result leads me to conclude that the "Advance" correspondent either did not trouble himself to get at the facts, or was wilfully untruthful. My own opinion on the subject, it is unnecessary to give, as I am an outsider and may be considered as not qualified to judge. Of one thing, however, I will express an opinion, and that is that Elkhorn has three very excellent clergymen, and if their influence is as great as it should be with their respective congregations, by whom they are so well liked, they should council their members quietly to avoid by word or deed anything that could be construed into ill will or bitterness against any other denomination and the people should show their respect for their pastor by heeding his council, and so good will and harmony will prevail.

And now, Mr. Editor, let me wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

GOSSIP.

We are continually being asked who the "Log Shanty Man", (Gossip) is, and as we have bound ourselves never to divulge the secret of his name under any circumstances, we always meet the enquirer with any answer that may strike us at the time, except the truth. We shall be happy to give our readers a hint, however, and if they, during their Christmas visits should happen to meet a bachelor who looks exactly like this when he is at home, they may be pretty sure that they have met the man who signs the name of "Gossip" to his communication.] ED.

The Hardware Store

XMAS! XMAS! XMAS!

SANTA CLAUS, SANTA CLAUS!

Christmas only comes once a year, and although time may be hard you cannot afford to let your children go without any

Xmas Box.

We have a nice collection of Presents for this Season of the year for both old and young such as

Sleighs, Express, Wagons
Baby wheel barrows,

Building Block, Toy Banks, Rattles, Rocking horses, Jack knives. We have also a nice line of quadrupal plate good which we are selling at lowest Price.

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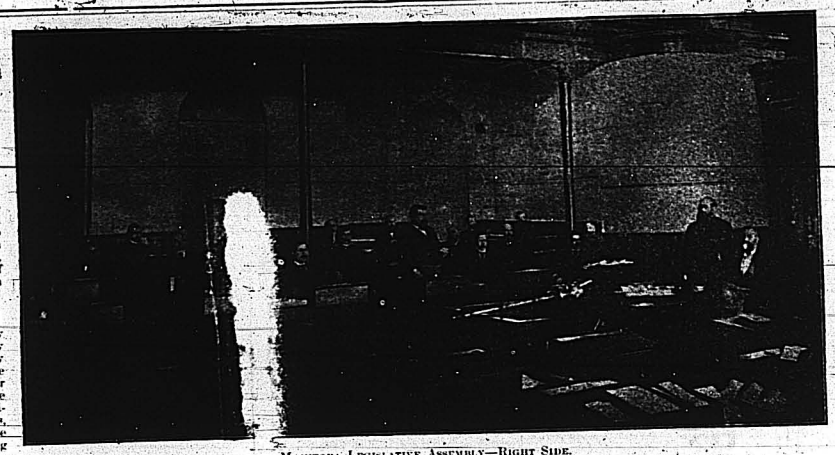
into a meeting of the association. At this meeting the culprit is informed of | and sadness over the entire community. Mrs. McKinnon had been in a precarious | ing Shepherd for the mayorality. McLean has since been committed for trial. | steel and working with the greatest speed consistent with safety. | RICHILL AVENUE - ELKHORN. | T. D. Cavanagh, Proprietor.

The Children's Day.

Christmas is the children's day. The household that is so unhappy as to contain no children loses half the beauty of the festival. It seems especially fitting that the birthday of the Holy Child should be dedicated to the pleasure and delight of the little ones. Perhaps our first thought on the threshold of Christmas, when we are all planning how to make the children happy, should be this: Do we keep the Christ-Child sufficiently before their minds? Not as a shadow of gloom and repression, but as the first, best gift, giving meaning to all the others, which are only types. Do we not in the hurry of preparation and in the bustle of the celebration, lose sight of the original meaning of the feast, and forget that it is in honor of

"The Lord of Glory
Who once a babe became"

Children never forget their early Christmas days. It is worth any sacrifice to make them so full of joy that in after life the memory shall be a precious possession, gilding all their childhood. The festival should be made different from any other holiday, with its own peculiar observances, sacred to it alone. Music, appropriate to the festal season, hymn and song and story that tell its glad tidings; games played at no other time; dainty dishes which only Christmas brings to the larder; decorations that charm the eye, and, if they are of fragrant evergreen, with its spicy odor, press the sense of smell into service, all lend their aid to weave the subtle web of association which in years to come will revive for many men and women the happy past:



MANITOBA LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY—RIGHT SIDE.

belief, the disgusted yule swains or Christmas goblins will so befoul the woodpile that there will be no getting at its contents.

There also it is that the girl who wishes, nuptially speaking to learn her fate places a table in the centre of a vacant chamber, and on it two glasses—the one of water, the other of brandy. Then, taking a broom, she must sweep the room three times carefully, against the sun, and if she is to enter the married state her future husband will appear before she completes the third round, and drink from the water glass if a sober man, or from the brandy tumbler if he be a drunkard.

Again, if a Laplander at Christmas, before retiring, pulls off his boots and flings them over his left shoulder, he shall know, from the shoes pointing toward the door, whether a long journey or death shall be his portion during the new year, but if on the other hand the boot toes turn inward he can feel assured of another twelve months lease of his present existence.—Selected.

Customs in Iceland and Lapland.

In a country not far from where "the two spirits of the globe, the magnetic and the electric," according to Michelet, do nightly hold carnival in the polar circle, the poor Icelanders are allowed as a rare treat to have bread to eat with their Christmas mutton and milk porridge.

In southern Lapland, should the householder neglect to provide an ample store of fuel for the season's needs, in popular

Parted by Christmas Presents.

A Christmas gift severed the friendship which had existed for several years between May Eastlake and Ethel Higgins; or, to speak strictly, they were parted by two Christmas presents.

They had been close friends, as you may infer from the fact that each sent the other on Christmas eve a token of esteem befitting the season of loving and giving.

A week before Christmas May found in a certain store a vase which she thought would be just the thing for Ethel's Christmas present, and she bought it with the intention of sending it to her when the day should arrive.

The storekeeper had several other vases just like it, and as it happened, Ethel Higgins saw them too, and decided to buy one for her friend.

On Christmas eve each of the girls sent the vase she had selected to the person to whom it was intended, but the result was very unsatisfactory.

"Well!" exclaimed May, indignantly, after she had undone the package, so Ethel Higgins thinks that vase isn't good enough for her Christmas present, does she? That settles it. I'll never speak to her again." When Ethel Higgins removed the wrappings from the bundle the messenger boy left with her, and saw the familiar vase he had sent to her friend, she turned red and then white with mortification and anger, and ejaculated,

"So May Eastlake has the impudence to send my present back, has she? Well, I always thought she had some sense, but I see I was mistaken. If I ever have anything to do with her again I hope I shall know it."

Thus the two maidens became estranged, and they have never discovered that they parted by their own desire to express their appreciation of each other at the happy Christmas time.—William Henry Siviter.

Conundrums.

In what place are two heads better than one. In a barrel.

What tree is the greatest importance in history? The date.

Why is the letter N like a confectioner? Because it makes ice nice.

When is a doctor most annoyed? When he is out of patients.

When does a cow become real estate? When she is turned into a field.

Why is a hen supposed to be immortal? Because her sun (son) never sets.

What is that word of five letters, of which, when you take two away, only one remains? Stone.

Why are A, E, and U the handsomest of the vowels? Because you can't have beauty without them.

The Bloom of the Christmas Tree.

At night we planted the Christmas tree
In the pretty home, all secretly;
All secretly, though merry of heart,
With many a whisper many a start,
(For children who'd scorn to make believe
May not sleep soundly on Christmas eve.)

And then the tree began to bloom,
Filling with beauty the conscious room.
The branches curved in a perfect polse;
Laden with wonders that men call "toys,"
Blooming and ripening (and still no noise),
Until we merry folk stole away
To rest and dream till dawn of day.

In the morning the world was a girl and a boy,
The universe only their shouts of joy,
Till every branch and bow had bent
To yield the treasure the Christ-child sent,
And then—and then—the children flew
Into our arms as children do.
And whispered over and over again,
That oldest, newest, sweetest refrain
"I love you! I love you! Yes, I love you!"
And hugged and scrambled, as children do,
And we said in our hearts, all secretly:
"This is the bloom of the Christmas tree!"

Silverstein's Christmas Present.

"Hullo, Dinkelspiel! I suppose now that you and your father-in-law have embraced Christianity you keep Christmas?"

"Yaiz. Silferslein he come py me undt he say, 'Levy for dhose Grismas bresent I gif you vorty ber cent. disgount on all dher poys' glothes you vant.'"

"That was nice. How many boys have you?"

"I have no poys. Only four girls."

Then He Spoke.

"We went skating on Christmas day. I tried hard to get him to propose; but there we sat, and though he saw I knew what he was thinking of, he just remained silent until I hit upon an idea."

"What was it?"

"I dug my skates with some force into the slippery surface and asked him to notice how easy it was to break the ice."

Good Evidence.

"Do you think Charlie loves me mamma?" asked the fair young girl anxiously.

"Certainly he does. Haven't you noticed that he always wears the gloves you bought him for a Christmas present, though they are two sizes too large?"

PARLOR GAMES.

THE MINISTER'S CAT.—Draw your chairs in a sort of circle and let each person name an adjective beginning with the letter A, in this way: "The minister's cat is ambitious," says one. Amphibious, æsthetic, ancient, say others, until everything beginning with that letter is thought of. Then the letter B is used. "The minister's cat is bumptious." Others say belligerent, bankrupt, benignant, beseeching, beautiful, etc. When you come to C the cat is cautious, courteous, contesting, confiding, cataleptic contradicting, cruel, etc.

SHADOW BUFF.—This game is quite amusing. A sheet must be smoothly suspended at one end of the room, and in front of it must sit "Buffy," with his face toward the sheet and back to the company. Behind him a light must be placed so as to throw the shadow of any person passing between it and Buffy against the sheet. The other players must then pass, one at a time, between Buffy and the light, and he must guess from the shadow who it is. Each one, as the shadow is thrown on the sheet, may limp, jump, and make such grimaces as he or she pleases in order to mislead Buffy. The one whom he correctly guesses must be Buffy in his or her turn.

SHADOW PANTOMIME.—This is a very pleasant evening amusement for boys. A sheet is suspended from the ceiling and drawn tightly across the room, with a lamp behind. The actors go through a variety of pantomimic gestures, which are projected on the sheet, and any fairy or nursery tale may be thus acted. By jumping over the lamp the figures seem to be going through the ceiling.

MEMBERS OF MANITOBA LEGISLATURE FOR 1892.

The Proper Greeting.

Marguerite—"I hear you are to be married on the twenty-fifth of December?"

Caroly (with a blush)—"Yes."

Marguerite—"Then let me wish you a merry Christmas."

Generous Man.

Gargoyle — What are you going to give your wife for a Christmas present?

Glanders—I thought I would give her permission to go home and spend the holidays with her mother.

The Old, Old Fend.

Penelope (of Boston)—"I found a stick of peppermint of candy in my stocking Christmas morning."

Marian (of New York)—"It must have been a tight fit."

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A Common Type.

Pentweazel—I believe in useful presents my dear.

Mrs. Pentweazel—Well I hate a man who buys you something he'd have to give you anyhow, and then calls it a Christmas present.

Silverstein's Christmas Present

"Hullo, Dinkelspie! I suppose now thas you and your father-in-law have embraced Christianity you keep Christmas?"

"Yaiz. Silfersdein he come py me undt he say 'Devy, for dhose Grismas bresent I gif you vorty ber cent. disgount on all dher poys' glothes you vant.'"

"That was nice. How many boys have you?"

"I haf no poys. Only four girls."

MANITOBA LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY—LEFT SIDE.

A Pleasant Remembrance.

"Ethel," said the landlady to her daughter, "we must make the Christmas season a pleasant one for the boarders. Suppose we ask them all to hang up their stocking on Christmas Eve so that we may put some little remembrance in each?"

"That is a very good idea, mother. We can give Mr. Mouldy a penknife; to Mr. Palette, the artist, we can give a box of paints; young Scribbler would be delighted with a patent lead-pencil; and for Mr. Slowboy we could get a—well, let me see—what would you suggest for Mr. Slowboy's stocking, ma?"

"Mr. Slowboy's unreceipted bill will do for Mr. Slowboy," replied the old lady, sternly.

A Christmas Pudding Sauce.

Stir to a cream one cup of fresh butter, two cups of pulverized sugar, and add the juice of a lemon, or a couple of teaspoonfuls of vanilla, and a little grated nutmeg. Smooth into a mould with a broad-bladed knife, and set away to keep cool until the pudding is ready to serve.

speed consistent with safety. | RICHILL AVENUE - ELKHORN. | T. D. Cavanagh, Proprietor.